

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

"THE RED MOUNTAIN MINES."

By LEW VANDERPOOLE, author of "Ecbatana," "Ruhainah," etc.

COMPLETE

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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JOHN WILKES BOOTH: A TALK WITH THE MAN THAT CAPTURED HIM.

CAPTAIN ED. DOHERTY, the man who commanded the expedition which captured John Wilkes Booth, has lately received a government appointment as Indian post-trader in Dakota. He is a tall, straight, broad-shouldered man of forty-six years. He has a dark complexion inclined to be florid, a broad open face, a high forehead, and hair as black as a piece of cannel coal. He talks well, and chats very entertainingly about his experiences at the time of the assassination. He told me the story of Booth's capture not long ago.

Said he, "Twenty-one years ago! It does not seem as many days. The scenes of that time are photographed on my memory. I was sitting in Lafayette Park, talking with a brother officer. It was my day off, and I was rejoicing my soul in the bright rays of the spring sun. The trees had begun to leave. The first flowers were out in the park, and the grass was of its greenest. My friend and myself were talking to a couple of ladies, when an orderly came up and gave me a message. It was to report to Colonel Baker immediately. When I reached Colonel Baker's head-quarters I was directed to take twenty-five men and proceed on the track of Booth to Fredericksburg. A very short time after this I had my detail at the Sixth Street wharf at Washington: there I found a steamboat, the John S. Ide, ready to carry us to Belle Plaine. Here we left the boat, and, landing our horses, we struck across to the Rappahannock at Port Conway. At the house by the Port we questioned the people, and finally got them to admit that the men we were in search of had passed onward. They had been met there by three of Moseby's men, Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Jett, and had gone with them on to Garrett's and Bowling Green. The keeper of the house told us that he was accustomed to guide people to Bowling Green, but that Jett was in love with the daughter of a tavern-keeper there, and he had offered to guide them, as he was going that way. Herold was a friend of Jett's, and he told the men that Booth had killed the President and wanted to get on South. In a short time Booth came up on his crutch. It seems he had not been with Herold at this time, and he acknowledged to these men of Moseby's that he was the President's assassin. The party then went on towards Bowling Green.

"Between Port Conway and Bowling Green lies the Garrett farm. Its buildings were not far from the road, and they consisted of an old frame house with a barn and outbuildings. When the party reached this house Booth stopped here, and was allowed to remain over-night, while Herold continued on to Bowling Green with the rest of the party. We left Port Conway and rode on towards Bowling Green. As we did so we passed the Garrett house, and I learned afterwards that Booth saw us as we passed. He was looking out of the window as we came up, and he snatched his carbine and yelled to Garrett to bring him his

pistols. We passed on, however, without knowing this, and reached Bowling Green. I found here that Herold had left, but that Jett was sleeping in the tavern. I went up to Jett's room, and told him that I knew all about his doings during the past few days; that I was going to catechise him, and if I found him lying we would take him out and hang him. He was badly frightened, confessed that he had been with Booth, and consented to guide us back to Garrett's farm, where Booth had stopped. We then started back for Garrett's, and reached there in the early morning. We surrounded the place, and I went up to the door and knocked loudly upon it. In a moment the old man Garrett appeared, in very light attire, carrying a candle. He told me that the man I described had been there, but that after the cavalry had passed he had taken his crutch and hobbled off to the woods. In the mean time my men had been hunting about the place, and one of them called out to me that he had a man in the corn-crib. I went to the crib, and found that it was Garrett's son, who said he was there to watch the men in the barn, fearing that they might steal the horses. I thus found that Booth and Herold were in the barn. Herold had returned from Bowling Green to Garrett's. We surrounded the barn, and Boston Corbett was stationed at a place where there was a hole in the boards about two feet square. As soon as we surrounded the barn we heard men moving about in the hay.

"I told Booth that I knew it was he, and we carried on a short conversation before he was shot. He first asked,—

"Who are you? You may be my friends."

"On my answering, he replied, 'I am a cripple and alone. Give me a chance for my life. Draw your men up at fifty paces, and I will come out and fight you.'

"I replied that I did not come there to fight. I said, 'I came here to capture you. I have fifty men, and I propose to do it.'

"About this time he said, 'There is a man here who wants to surrender awful bad,' and with that the boy Herold came out. As Herold left, Booth made a movement as though to raise his carbine, and Boston Corbett fired. The ball struck Booth just behind his ear, in about the same place where he struck the President. The bullet lodged in the vertebræ of his neck, and this part of his anatomy was afterwards cut out, and the bone with the ball in it was kept in the Medical Museum at Washington. Just before Corbett fired, the straw at the back of the barn was lit by a detective, and as the blaze leaped upward I rushed in and seized Booth, throwing my arms around his waist under his uplifted arms, and dragging him out of the burning barn. We carried him to the porch of the Garrett farm-house, and he died within a few hours.

"We sent for a doctor; but he could do nothing. Booth's intellect was clear, but he was in great agony. He did not deny his crime. The only expression that he made was, 'Useless! useless!' He did not say, 'I died for my country,' nor, 'Tell mother,' as has been reported. At one time I offered him some water, and at another time brandy. He refused the brandy, but took the water. He could not swallow from a cup, and I soaked a towel and gave it to him to suck.

Notwithstanding Booth's rough travels, his clothes were at this time neat and clean. He had a fine physique, was tall and dark-faced. He had shaved off his mustache since he had left Washington, but his face was rough, as he had not used a razor for several days. His leg was in splinters, and the flesh was black. He had hobbled around upon a crutch of pine which a servant of Dr. Mudd's had, I think, whittled out for him. After he died I took a horse-blanket, and, having got a needle from Miss Garrett, I sewed the body up in it. I then borrowed an old rickety wagon from a neighbor and carried him back to Belle Plaine, where the boat was still waiting for us, on the following morning. I delivered the body to a naval officer on the Montauk, near the navy-yard. It was buried in the Capitol Prison; but it was afterwards exhumed, and it now reposes, I think, at Baltimore."

"Do you think Booth would have allowed himself to be taken alive?"

"No, I do not. He had told Herold that he would fight to the death; and I am sure he meant what he said. The reward for his death of seventy-five thousand dollars was divided among his captors in the same way as a naval prize is divided. I received seven thousand five hundred dollars, and the men under me got smaller amounts. They were chiefly young men from New York State, thrifty fellows, with a good deal of German blood in them. Most of them bought lands with their money, and are now well-to-do farmers with families."

Frank G. Carpenter.

UNREST.

ALL day upon the garden bright
 The sun shines strong,
 But in my heart there is no light,
 Nor any song.

Voices of merry life go by
 A down the street,
 But I am weary of the cry,
 And drift of feet.

With all dear things that ought to please
 The hours are blest,
 And yet my soul is ill at ease,
 And cannot rest.

Strange spirit, leave me not too long,
 Nor stint to give;
 For if my soul have no sweet song
 It cannot live.

A. Lampman.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 6.

SOCIAL LIFE AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

THE new student, who, after leaving his hotel, gets his first sight of Johns Hopkins University, finds a number of large, presentable buildings, containing the general halls, libraries, lecture-rooms, etc., right in the heart of the busy city of Baltimore. And no retirement of moss-grown fronts seems to hide their life from the passers-by, but their doors open upon the pavement with democratic heartiness. Here is no Campus, no belt of lawn and terrace around the buildings, nor rows of "immemorial elms" nor long avenues of approach. Probably the new man is used to such things in the home school or college which he has left to come here, and is struck with the splendid simplicity that greets him. As he enters the office in the main building, he meets the President of the university, who kindly welcomes him, and asks about his section of the country, and his studies and hopes, until he is somewhat at home. He is soon introduced to his professors, and in a few hours has a general course of study blocked out for the session.

Early in the first week of the year a general informal reception is given in Hopkins Hall, for the purpose of getting the new and old men acquainted with one another. In this large hall may be seen students from up and down the world. Strange faces and tongues greet the new-comer. The young Japanese who can barely break a few stubborn Saxon words in our presence may be escorted by his fellow-countryman who is at ease in French, German, or English, and who can meet on common ground with young men from Paris, Heidelberg, Bonn, London, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, or Toronto. The greater part of those assembled are "graduate students,"—graduates either of Johns Hopkins or some other good institution, who have come here to pursue independent courses of study, or work towards the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Besides these are the matriculates, or undergraduates. The unsophisticated collegian probably imagines that out of this gathering of men, graduates and undergraduates, is to be developed year after year the *esprit de corps* of the university life. What an effete idea these words convey to us! Our conceptions of university life change at every step. Our old epithets of recognition and description fail, and must be modified.

Here is something original,—a young university that has continued to live through its few years up to the letter and spirit of its ideal. Pioneer as the life is in a certain sense, let us look at it closely. It takes a number of weeks' residence and work here before a mere comparison of the customs of this place with his former associations ceases to confuse the new student.

Nearly all the old college backgrounds are changed or removed. That castle of the student's sovereignty, the dormitory, and its refec-